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The Toy Bridge Disaster.

The mails brings no conclusive explanation of the terrible railway disaster at the Frith of Tay. The hypothesis suggested as the most probable, in meager telegraphic account of the disaster—namely, that the bridge was blown away—still seems the most probable. The only point cleared up by the divers is that both the bridge and the train had entered upon the fourth span from the south end of the gap before the bridge was overturned. The disaster occurred where the sides of the iron lattice girders rose above the level of the track.

The hypothesis of the constructing engineer of the bridge, Sir Thomas Bouch, is that when the train reached the fatal spot it was tilted over by the girders by a sudden gust of wind, the girders gave way under the strain, and the whole structure broke down under the combined impact of train and storm. This is the best fact that can be put upon the terrible affair; not a few engineers, however, are of opinion that the extreme height and narrow base of that portion of the bridge afford a sufficient explanation of its inability to withstand the pressure of the gale. It is certain that the stability of the bridge under the stress of high wind has more than once been seriously questioned. It is even said—though the evidence is not conclusive—that a leading firm, to whom the contract for the construction of the bridge was first offered, declined to take it on the ground that a bridge on the plan contemplated could not be made secure. The policy which dictated a single track, and therefore a high and narrow bridge for such a crossing proves to have been terribly the reverse of economical.—[Scientific American.]

Sardines.

These little finny creatures are caught in nets and after being well washed the heads are cut off and the fish are sprinkled lightly with fine salt. After lying for a few hours they are placed on girls in rows almost perpendicular. The frames are then placed in pans containing boiling olive oil. This oil is changed as often as it becomes too black and dirty for continuing the cooking process. As soon as the fish are considered sufficiently cooked they are withdrawn from the pans of oil and the girls are placed on tables covered with zinc, the surface of the tables inclining towards a groove in the centre. The oil is thus carried to a vessel prepared to receive it, around these tables stand the women whose business it is to pack the fish closely and uniformly in boxes. The boxes being full, the fish are covered with fresh oil, and the lids of the boxes are then soldered down. Thus hermetically sealed they are placed in a wire basket and immersed in boiling water. The smaller boxes are thus boiled for about an hour, and the larger ones somewhat longer, in proportion to the size of the box. The fish are then ready for the market, and being packed in cases, are sent to the ends of the earth.

GOVERNOR GARCELON'S LOVE ROMANCE.—His first wife was a Miss Waldron, and by her he had five children, four of whom are now alive. He went out with a Maine regiment early in the war, but soon returned home. When he came back he married the wife of a man who had gone to California when the fever broke out, but who had always sent back plenty of money. Just before the marriage \$700 was received from him and this helped to buy the wedding dresses. Just three weeks after the marriage the former husband arrived from California, and was greatly surprised to find that his wife was the wife of another. He went to Garcelon and told him he could keep the woman, but he wanted his money back. An arrangement was made and he returned to California. —[Rochester Democrat.]

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—For the fiscal year ended October 10, 1878, pro tem. Judges and Attorneys were paid out of the State Treasury as follows:

CIRCUIT COURTS.	
Pro tem. Judge, Fifth District	\$177.12
Pro tem. Judge, Eighth " "	64.67
Pro tem. Judge, Tenth " "	420.28
Pro tem. Judge, Eleventh " "	420.28
Pro tem. Judge, Fifteenth " "	875.70
CRIMINAL COURTS.	
Pro tem. Judge, Eleventh District	\$608.50
Pro tem. Judge, Fourteenth " "	48.50
COMMONWEALTH ATTORNEYS.	
Pro tem. Atty., Eighth District	\$ 163.00
Pro tem. Atty., Ninth " "	20.00
Pro tem. Atty., Tenth " "	20.00

—[Cincinnati Commonwealth.]

George Brooks and his wife were prisoners in the Chattanooga jail. He was kept close in a cell, while she was given the liberty of the corridor. She flirted with the jailer and a horse thief, and the husband could see it through the bars that prevented him from interfering. His novel and torturing position drove him wild, and he committed suicide.

A Chinese Execution.

I went to see six Chinese pirates headed yesterday. The open square where all the executions take place was filled with Chinese of all ages and conditions, and a few Europeans among them. The prisoners were the most forlorn starlings I ever saw, and betrayed no more fear at their approaching fate than if they were to be spectators of an execution. A huge Tartar officiated as executioner. He was armed with a native sword, and stood on a small platform in the center of the square. After the criminals, with their hands tied behind, had been taken upon the stage, the executioner took one of the pirates by the arm, brought him to the edge of the platform, hit him a sharp rap with his hand on the head, which caused the poor fellow to bow his head, and then the executioner's sword went up, and was poised in the air a full half minute, and with a sweep the glittering blade descended, and the poor criminal's head went flying off in one direction and the body in another. One by one the others met their fate in the same way, the Tartar making a very short, business like job of it, merely turning to receive the plaudits of the crowd after each head rolled off, and responded by a grin that showed every one of his teeth. But the stolidity of the poor wretches was beyond description. Not a muscle quivered, and even when waiting for the blade of the executioner to fall, I could not detect a sign of emotion. The crowd seemed to enjoy the sight immensely, and set up a yell of delight at each cut of the Tartar's sword.—[Shanghai Letter.]

Barnum's tattooed Greek sailor is on exhibition in Albany, and the advertisement says: "He has upon his body seven million punctures, and it was all done by a female savage. The poor man lost a drop of blood and shed a tear for every puncture, and was the only one out of twenty-four who survived the operation. The woman who did the tattooing worked six hours a day for ninety days before the task was completed." A mathematician of the Albany Express figures as follows: "The woman must have given him three and a half punctures a second. Then if he lost one drop of blood with every puncture, he lost, estimating the usual number of drops to a pint and taking a pint to a pound, 5,333 pounds; or, to put it differently, just 880 gallons of blood, or a trifle over 20 barrels during ninety days. Tears don't weigh as much as blood, so bunching the two together the gentleman from Albania must have lost about 5½ tons of those fluids within three months." Barnum's Agent retorts that if the Greek had not been a wonderful man he would not have been exhibited.

WORSE THAN CURSED.—It is safe to say no State was ever cursed as Kentucky is to day by the prevalence of a sentiment one-tenth philanthropy and nine-tenths folly. Last week 84 convicts of every grade of guilt, who had been given a fair trial, who had been proven guilty of great crimes were turned loose again to prey on society. For this itself a great crime against the law—the Governor is no more guilty than is the Legislature. It confesses itself unable to deal with the simplest problem that can be presented; simply how to accommodate a thousand convicts. Unable to solve it they propose to set one-tenth of them free. After this we suppose every time a new convict is sent to the penitentiary another pardon will be issued.—[Post and News.]

Capt. Daily ordered his company to kick up all the dust they could at Yellow Tavern, Va., while out skirmishing one day in 1861, while he dashed into the camp of a Confederate regiment and demanded its surrender. The audacity of the plan nearly insured its success, for the Captain's demand was followed by a surrender of the colors, but Col. Haggood, the commander, came upon the ground in time to send him back with a bullet through his body. This is the story that Daily tells in his application to Congress for a pension, and Haggood corroborates it.

In a Vermont village a tall and awkward fellow called to see his young lady, and found her engaged with another company. To set matters right he gave them a riddle. "There were two boys playing on the sidewalk, and a man asked one whether they were relatives. The boy replied: 'Sir, that there boy's mother and mine was twin sisters and yet we ain't cousins.' The girls guessed at it for half an hour and gave it up. 'Is there any solution to it, Mr. Brown?' 'Oh, yes, it's explained. That there boy lied.'"

A man forever singing, "Oh, yes, we'll have a home over there, over there," and yet always moving to avoid paying his rent here.

The Young Lady's Dream.

She had a lover whom she agreed to marry, but she subsequently refused to do so. He went South and died. Her dream she thus described: She stood at night on an eminence, overlooking a rushing icy stream. Dark clouds obscured the moon, and the air was damp and chilly. Soon she descried in the semi-darkness a boat, with a single occupant, floating with terrific rapidity toward a cataract. The man's face she could not see; but he was gesticulating wildly, as if imploring succor from the fate that impended him. On, on went the boat; wilder and more desparingly were the gestures of the unhappy man; until just as the frail bark was about to go over the brink of the awful cataract into the seething waters below, the occupant turned, and she recognized the features of her lover—while a voice rang out from the clouds, "Another soul lost—and charged to you!"

She became crazy, shot her father and then killed herself. All this is true, and of recent occurrence. The lady was Miss Hovey and the lover Eugene Raines, both of Lyons, New York. Was ever there a story more tragical.—[Free Press.]

Judge Pryor.

It is generally understood that the Hon. W. S. Pryor will be a candidate for re-election to the office of Appellate Judge which he has so ably and satisfactorily filled for almost a decade past. He ought to be chosen with absolute unanimity by the people of all classes and parties throughout his district. The state never contained a more upright, a purer, a more faithful, or a juster judge. His long experience at the bar and on the bench, his habits of research and attention to business, his innate love of justice, and his native vigor of intellect, preeminently fit him for the exalted position which men of every shade of opinion agree that he has so signally adorned. It would be folly for any body in his district to attempt to run against him, and in common with all other outsiders who appreciate the importance of the matter, we sincerely trust that he may be chosen again without a shadow of opposition from any quarter.—[Winchester Democrat.]

The conductor of a certain train on the Union Pacific Railroad charges that a fly having alighted on one of the glasses of the engineer's spectacles, the engineer thought it was a buffalo on the track ahead, and turned on the air brakes to avert a disaster. The engineer retorts that one night the conductor saw what he thought was the headlight of an approaching locomotive. He kept his own train waiting awhile, and then, somewhat confusedly, started her. "He is the safest man I ever ran with," says the engineer. "Venus is millions of miles away, and he waited twelve minutes on a side track to allow her to pass."

Many persons know it, but seem to do not, that a pretty and easily grown window plant may be obtained by soaking a round piece of coarse sponge in warm water until it is thoroughly expanded. After squeezing it about half dry, place in the openings millet, red clover, and barley grass seeds, rice and oats. Hang the sponge in a window where the sun shines a part of the day, and sprinkle it lightly with water every morning for a week. Soon tender leaves will shoot out, and, growing rapidly, will form a drooping mass of living green. It regularly sprinkled, it will later be dotted with the blossoms of the clover.

Somebody has manufactured a press dispatch, which says there is a John Sherman boom in Kentucky. If there ever has been such a thing it has occurred in Mammoth Cave, out of sight and out of hearing. The Kentucky Republicans are generally for Grant. They go the whole hog or none. They believe in the expression, "What's the use of being a fellow unless you are a h—l of a fellow." After Grant, Bristow; after Bristow, Blaine; after Blaine, Conkling; after Conkling anybody to beat John Sherman.—[Frankfort Yeoman.]

A child was recently born near Kokomo, Ind., which was half human and half con. Its face was pointed and looked like a con's face. It had four feet, resembling claws, on which were great sharp nails. It had a well defined tail four inches long. It had no eyes, and its arms and limbs looked like the limbs of a con. Its body, or trunk, bore marks of human nature. It lived but a few hours.

LIVELY.—Mrs. Kate Stockell (nee Kate Amos), formerly of Millersburg, has a third son, while her second is unable to walk or talk, and her first won't be three years old until September next.—[Carle Mercury.]

He Left Out John Thomas.

A lantern-jawed young man stopped at the Post-office Saturday and yelled out:

"Anything for the Watters?"

Al. Warren, our polite post-master, replied: "No, there is not."

"Anything for Jane Watts?"

"Nothing."

"Anything for Alice Watts?"

"No."

"Anything for Bill Watts?"

"No sir."

"Anything for Tom Watts?"

"No, nothing."

"Anything for 'Fool Joe' Watts?"

"No, nor Dick Watts, Jim Watts, nor Sweet Watts, nor any other

Watts, dead, living, unborn, native, foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, white or black, franchised or disfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No, there is positively nothing for any of the Watters, either individually, severally, jointly, now and forever, one and inseparable."

The boy looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said: "Please look and see if there is anything for John Thomas Watts?"

REPENTANCE.—Teacher (who is trying to explain the meaning of repentance): Suppose a bad boy were to steal an orange, and his good mother was to catch him with it and take him by the hand gently and tell him how wicked it is, and how very, very grieved she was, don't you think now that the little boy ought to feel sorry? Sunday scholar: "Yessum." Teacher: "And why, Marmaduke?" Sunday scholar: "Because —." Teacher: "Because what, Marmy?" Sunday scholar: "Cause he haint et the orange be' his ma coah him and tuck it away from him!"

ONE OF MEMORY'S FREAKS.—I am past sixty years old, and every now and then I meet a relic who knew me forty-five years ago, and remembers some devilry I was guilty of then. Ain't it strange how tenacious the memory is of these things and how weak it is of anything good a fellow may have accidentally done?—Josh Billings.

INCREASE IN AGRICULTURE.—The American Agriculturist estimates the increased bushels of wheat of the crop of 1879 over the crop of 1878 at 68,700,000; of corn, value \$150,000,000; of hay, value \$60,000,000; of potatoes, bushels, 47,400,000; the aggregate value of the increase in these four crops, say \$300,000,000.

A good Rochester pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady a short time ago, but was rejected. His feelings had the second severe test yesterday, when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not because you ask a miss.—James, iv., 3.

I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—[Coleridge.]

Senator-elect Mahone, of Virginia, spread a feast of the delicacies and rare dishes of the season at Richmond, Va., the other day, for the colored henchmen who have boosted him into power.

Young man, don't waste your energies in attempting to wear too delicate a shade of clothes; the girls don't care for them. Their own finery occupies their attention.

Broad is the road that leads to debt, and thousands walk together there; Prompt payments find a narrow road, with here and there a passenger.—[Toronto Graphic.]

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the rose with thorns so does she endow woman with pins."

Don't retail your troubles to your neighbor, for, like as any way, he has more and worse troubles than you have, but has the good sense to keep still about it.

The deepest well in the world is at Buda Pesth, Hungary. The total depth is 3,200 feet, and temperature of the water it yields is nearly 165° Fahrenheit.

Miss Lizzie Hammond, a pretty white girl of eighteen years, has been sentenced to the Virginia penitentiary for horse-stealing.

A darkey says: "All men are made of clay; and like meerschaum pipes, are more valuable when highly colored."

It is very dangerous for any man to find a spot on this broad globe that is sweeter to him than his home.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. BUCK, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. E. Barrow, Superintendent.

